150 Cash-Jubilant Song Greets the Larger Gifts to the Treasury of the Christian Alliance and the Mites Come Along With Only a Silent Blessing.

The Rev. A. B. Simpson of the Christian ad Missionary Alliance began yesterday porning at the Gospel Tabernacle, the adquarters of the alliance, Forty-fourth reet and Eighth avenue, his annual harest of dollars. The forenoon's work setted \$55,600. Of this amount there were 150 real dollars, and \$55,450 was in the form of paper promises to pay some time, sliver the goods. There seemed to be a seling lodged in the feeling centres of the bess and assistant bosses of the alliance that real money has a higher potentiality han promises to pay, for David Crear, the ressurer, in giving prayerful thanks for

"Lord, we thank Thee for this manifesation of the richness of Thy grace. But hou saith that Thy servants have given to Thee largely in promises. Make it possible, O Lord, for them to make good hese pledges. We believe they will be made good, since those who trust in Thee

trust not in vain." The harvesters continued their work sterdey afternoon and last evening and bey will go at it again to-day. The Rev. Mr. Simpson hopes that he may garner, all told, in cash and in pledges of cash 175,000 or \$80,000. If he does, there will have to be a greater "loosening up" than

have to be a greater "loosening up" than there was yesterday morning. Those who have attended the autumn conventions of the alliance for years said that there appeared to be less enthusiasm in the giving yesterday morning than ever before. And yet the auditorium of the Taberacle was packed like a sardine box. The regulations of the Fire Department were violated all over the place. Men, women and children were allowed to sit in the gallery aisles, while large crowds were parmitted to stand back of the last rows of seats, in both the pit and gallery. Many in the congregation undoubtedly came just to see the abow. Time was when these autumn Sunday collection gatherings of the Alliance were worth seeing. Women, and men, too, went publicly into hysterics. of the Alliance were worth seeing. Women, and men, too, went publicly into hysterice, and they threw not only bank notes of large denomination, but watches and jewels into

n the throng, there were many others whose real brought them there. There were white haired and white bearded missionaries from India, China and Africa, and

were white haired and white bearded missionaries from Indis. China and Africa, and omely young women, faces radiant with religious enthusiasm, back from their first year of work among the heathen in the isles of the sea.

There are something like a dozen of these conventions held in the spring and summer in various parts of the country, netably at Old Orchard, Me., and at all of them the law. Mr. Simpson and his assistants go larvesting. Maybe the crop got thin toward autumn this year, which would account for the comparatively poor picking yesterday morning. At any rate, the autumn convention is the last meeting before the Alliance workers separate for the year's labors and as many of them as possible make a point of getting to New York for it.

After a strong missionary sermon by Mr. Simpson and some fine singing by the choir, led by the Rev. Henry Kenning, accompanied by a plano, violins, cellos and a cornet, the offering was called for. Cards on which to write the pledges were passed around the pit and gallery, Mr. Simpson and Dr. Wilson talking alternately meanway. In half an hour the cards were collected and assorted by Mr. Simpson and turned over to Dr. Wilson to read. All cash was turned over to Mrs. Simpson, financial secretary of the organization, to count and over for. The congregation was very still as Dr. Wilson picked up the first card and read:

"Ten dollars!"

Nobody had anything to say and even

Nobody had anything to say and even the choir was dumb. The reader seemed to appreciate the situation, for next he read with plenty of voice, "Five hundred dollars."

"Praise the Lord!" came loud and clear from an old man in the west gallery.
"Three thousand, one hundred and fifty dollars!" shouted the card reader. The choir burst into song in a jiffy:

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! I'm so glad to tell,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! With my soul 'ils well

The next card had a pledge of \$100 and then Dr. Wilson found another soul-stirrer. This card contained a promise to pay \$2,500, and the choir led the congregation in sing-

All power is given unto me, All power is given unto me, Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel, And lo, I am with you alway.

And lo, I am with you alway.

Cards containing pledges of anywhere from \$1 to \$50 were passed over without romment or song, and then came pledges of \$150, \$600, \$600, and \$1,200. At this last, the choir sang the Salvation Army "Halle-lujsh" couplet, while members of the congregation shouted encouragement to the givers. Three subscriptions of \$600, \$1,000 and \$1,025 followed and then Dr. Wilson, beaming as he did so, read:

"Two thousand, one hundred and twenty-ive dollars."
Both congregation and choir were lim-

I'll work, I'll pray
in the vineyard, in the vineyard of the Lord.
I'll work, I'll pray.
I'll labor every day
in the vineyard, in the vineyard of the Lord. When another subscription of \$3,025 was read, followed soon after by one for \$1,800 and another for \$2,510, an attractive looking state sitting down near the plane had a suit thrill and, in a sweet soprane voice, the sang:

No, never alone, never alone, He promised He never would leave me.

The promised He never would leave me.

"Fine!" called out an elderly brother in the gallery. "Praise the Lord!"

After these three fat subscriptions there as a sudden drop to \$5 and \$2 pledges. Dr. Wilson found a considerable number of these, and the choir in a spirit of logical subscription of the morning. This was for \$7,122, given, as explained by Mr. Simpson, by students the hilliance schools.

"Each one has given a little," said the Alliance leader, "and we have all together this selendid pledge from our dear students." Whereat the choir sang:

Oh, the wrongs that we may lighten,
Oh, the slate that we may lighten,
Oh, the slate that we may lighten,
Oh, the slate that we may lighten,
Helping just a little."

"Two orphans" pledged \$15 apiece, and

"Two orphans" pledged \$15 apiece, and an old, white haired woman, sitting away forward, with the help of the rest of the taggregation, sang the "Roll Call," which the taggregation of the rest of the taggregation of the "Roll Call," which taggregation of the "Roll Call,"

when the roll is called up yonder,
when the roll is called up yonder,
when the roll is called up yonder,
when the roll is called up yonder.
I'll be there.

After neveral little promises came one
washes for \$5,000, one or both of which
which this melody:

Heat

Bess me, Lord, and make me a blessing, l'il gledly the message convey; Reip me to lead some poor, weary soul, And make me a blessing to-day. and make me a blessing to day.

The next card contained the simple pedge of "Myself." The gift was received a silence, some bowing their heads as if is prayer. In past years at this autumn service many persons gave the gift of themselves to the work of the Alliance, but there was only one yesterday morning. The only other large pledges were those of \$1,700 and \$3,750. After the latter was read the choir sang:

Sublight, sublight in my soul is day:

Sunight, sunight in my soul to-day;
Sunight, sunight, all along the way;
Sunight, sunight, all along the way;
Since the Savior found me,
Teok away my sin,
I have had the sunight
Of His love within.
The amount of the collection in cash and
ledges was announced, Dr. Wilson remaded the congregation that they must
ring the children around at 4 o'clook so
they might give, the domology was sung,
m long metre, but in jingle time, and
mpson pronounced the benediction.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

Passengers on an East River ferryboat reserved were interested in a small stern-wheel steamboat which was being towed down the river. She was about thirty feet long and drew about two feet of water. "It's a long time since I saw one of those," remarked a Southern passenger on the ferry. "That's the kind of boat that is used on the bayous of Louisiana and Texas. But they're as scarce as eagle's eggs up this used on the bayous or Louisian and But they're as scarce as eagle's eggs up this

Nothing could be more revolutionary in music than the action of the Philharmonic Society in changing the hour of its matines. The organization is now sixty-one years old and its afternoon con-

sixty-one years old and its afternoon con-cert has begun at 2 o'clock for a great many years. Subscribers used to bolt their lunch— sometimes go without it altogether—and try in every way to be at Carnegie Hall by 2 o'clock, when the conscript fathers al-ways began promptly.

In vain did patrons write letters and beg to have the hour changed. The so-ciety had been in existence for sixty-one years and knew its business. But the num-ber of late arrivals gradually became so large that the concerts were seriously interrupted and the Philharmonic has had to begin its afternoon concert half had to begin its afternoon concert half an hour later.

One of the exhibits at a popular resort last summer was the original shed that covered the pier on the Hudson River from covered the pier on the Hudson River from which Fulton sailed his first steamboat. John H. Starin, who now leases that part of the water front, removed the shed and had it set up as nearly as possible in its original condition. He has also one of the original Dutch windmills from Long Island. Its squatty build and latticelike sails afford a stronge contrast to the modern windmill, with its high steel frame and small fanlike wheel.

The kind that mother made is advertised in spectacular fashion in front of a downtown restaurant. The figure of a woman severe in expression, but homely and natural in dress, stands there all day pouring coffee out of a pot which is so arranged as to steam. Orude as the automaton is, its effect is appetizing, and the proprietor counts the figure one of the most effective causes of his prosperity.

Advertisements offering social advanceent for a cash equivalent are common enough in London, but they are rarely seen here. For that reason the alluring promises held out in an advertisement published vesterday seem unlikely to materialize. The men and women who earn money out of this sort of thing in London are all fairly well known to their friends as doing it and as a rule there is no chication to the fairly well known to their friends as doing it, and as a rule there is no objection to the practice. Here, although some New Yorkers have introduced strangers into society, there has never been any implication that it was done for money. It is probable that the industry would not thrive long in this city, as New York's view of the matter is quite different from that in London.

A man who, for good reasons, preferred for a while to see as few persons as possible found that he came to grief most frequently

when he rode on trolley cars or the elevated.

"The man who walks," he said, "will almost certainly be able to avoid meeting people. He may even venture into the popular districts of the city with impunity. New York is very small, if one chings to certain districts, but he might still do that and avoid the people he wanted to. But let him get aboard a car and he is nearly certain nine times out of ten to bump into somebody he does not want to meet. For nearly two years I was willing to be seen as rarely as possible and I was able to manage it so long as I kept off the cars."

The ingenuity of those to whom falls the naming of river craft is evidently backed by familiarity with fairy history and an eye to propriety. The three big automatic dumping scows of the Street Cleaning De-partment are respectively named Cin-decella, Cenerentola and Asohenbroedel. The story of the first of this trinity is known the story of the first of this trinkly is known to every one. The second name is that of the Spanish equivalent of the Cinderella of American youth, and the last is the mythical person known to all German children for a similar advantage.

GOT EVEN FOR SULLIVAN PUNCH. Counter at Wissig's.

The Hon. Phil Wissig of "de Ate" spent a good part of yesterday trying to explain to the members of the Florrie Sullivan Association, in the club rooms in Grand street, why a number of them were nursing sore throats and sore lips and tongues. On Saturday night, in front of the Republican headquarters opposite Wissig's saloon, Dave Silverman, a Republican election district captain, was soundly thrashed by the Tammany Hall crowd whose headquarters are a few doors away. It was a

genuine East Side political scrap. After it was over the Tammany mob went to Wissig's saloon, singly and in pairs. Wissig had a large dish of sliced tomatoes on his free lunch counter. The Hon. Christie Sullivan tackled the dish first. He ate a slice and then rushed to the bar with tears running down his cheeks.

"Water! water! quick!" he shouted. I

am poisoned."

He gulped down one glass of it and then called for more. After he drank three he shook his fist at Wissig and said: "I am going to my doctor now. I will see you later about this."

Charlie Wagner the Grand street dry goods man next attacked the lunch. He didn't ask for water, but made a mad rush across the street to a soda water stand where he drank five glasses of soda. He then came back to the saloon and shouted to Wissig: "I go me now by Bellevue Hospital. Dot vass a fine choke. Vait undil der stimmick bump iss vorked undt I gome back here."

back here."

Col. Abe Dennisohn was the next victim. Col. Abe Dennisonin was to hear vector.

He ate three of the slices and then jumped behind the bar and helped himself to water out of the tank in which the glasses are washed. He ran out of the saloon and was not seen yesterday around his usual haunts. Several others went through similar per-

Several others went through similar per-formances.

"Is everybody crazy around here," asked Wissig, "or is my lunch too much for them?" Wissig then sampled one of the slices and he in turn made for the water tank. "It's a Republican plot on me and my friends to get hunk for Silverman's black eyes," he yelled when he was able to recover his breath.

he yelled when he was able to recover his breath.

He examined the supposed sliced tomatoes carefully and discovered that someone had removed the tomatoes and substituted for them sliced red peppers. Next to the Forsyth street entrance to the saloon stood a push cart laden with green and red peppers. Wissig spied it and with a whoop he kicked ever the cart. The pedler dashed away with the cart without waiting to gather up his stock.

"I was told," said Wissig yesterday, "that a man with a bloody nose was seen to buy a dozen peppers off that pedler five minutes before Christie Sullivan tackled that dish. I see it all now, but wait and see how I get even."

EMIL PAUR RETURNS.

He Is to Cenduct the Pittsburg Orchestra for Three Years-Here on the Hamburg. Emil Paur, formerly in charge of the Boston Symphony and the Philharmonic orchestras, arrived yesterday aboard the orchestrae, arrived yesterday aboard the Hamburg-American liner Hamburg, from Hamburg. Dover and Boulogne. He will conduct the Pittsburg Orchestra for the next three years. He said that he had spent the last two years chiefly in Switzerland, Germany, Austria and France conducting symphony concerts. He left his two boys in Berlin studying.

Other arrivals by the Hamburg wers:
Other arrivals by the Hamburg wers:
Carl Hagenbeck, the animal man; Heinrich Hagenbeck, Countees Katharina Beroldingen, Dr. E. J. Keys, Frof. J. M. van Vleck, Lieut, Alexander Hartin, Attache of the German Embasesy at Washington; Joseph Clement, Feulterer, William Van Buskirk, Col. Samuel B. Dick and U. S. Stanford.

PUBLICATIONS.

The TRUANTS

By A. E. W. MASON

author of "The FOUR FEATHERS."

THE tale follows the exciting adventures of a young married couple who are forced by circumstances to play truant; the husband wanders far; but is recalled to save his wife from wrong. He has to choose between military dishonor and the bonor of his wife. The touch of latter-day chivalry will appeal to all who love a story which lifts one out of the commonplace.

HARPER & BROTHERS - - - Publishers

JOE MILLER'S PASTOR TALKS.

MILLER WAS TO HAVE BEEN BAPTIZED YESTERDAY.

Paster Lewis Thought He Had Him for the Lord, but He Was Mistaken, and Now He's Glad That the Sheriff's Got Him-Bad Blacks and Bad Whites.

POMPTON, N. J., Oct. 9.—They had a big negro baptizing in the creek here this afternoon. Three young men and five girls, the new lambs in the fold of Pastor Lewis, the carpenter-preacher, were immersed by the Rev. Thomas E. Johnson, who came down from Hopewell. The last time they baptized at Pompton, Joseph Miller, now in jail at Paterson, charged with murdering the wife of Celion Steward, his friend, was among the converts on probation, who were expected to be immersed this time. The deacons and elders were then happy because they had gathered in a black sheep. But Miller backslid; Pastor Lewis isn't sure that his heart was ever touched.

"There's one that won't go down to be buried with the Lord to-day," said Pastor lewis this afternoon. "I labored with him, children, but the devil was too strong in his black soul." . Perhaps because the crime of Joe Miller

has attracted attention to the little negro colony near the steel works, half the white population of the region was gathered by the pool where the negroes hold their baptizing. They had just had a funeral in the colony. Mary Lewis, lately from the South, servant of George W. Colfax, was buried from the little church which Pastor Lewis built himself. Mr. and Mrs. Colfax were

"She was a good and faithful servant," said Lewis. "We've had a black sheep, but praise God, this was a white sheep for the Master's flock."

Straight from the funeral came the whole negro congregation, at their head Pastor Johnson in a black robe. Behind came the young converts, the boys in black gowns, the girls in pink robes and white turbans. As they marched they sang:

Yet, the white crowd noticed there were one of the accustomed "hallelujahs" and none of the accustomed "hallelulans" and "glories" of a negro baptism. It was a sober crowd. The young folks of the village voted it rather a poor show.

"Come down close, white brothers," shouted Pastor Johnson to the crowd on the banks and bridge. "Come down close. My words are for you and the people of Pompton and the people of these United States. Come down and hear me."

States. Come down and hear me."

The whites packed in close. Then Lewis lifted up his voice.

"Cast out murderous thoughts from among us. O Lord," he prayed. "May we have no more the murderous one among us. Stand by him who's in prison to-day. If he's guilty, Lord, crucify him, but save him first. Rise up where thy servant hasn't had the strength, Lord, and save him. Save him from the gallows if he's innocent, but save his soul anyhow."

One of the pink robed girl converts is one of the women on whom, in the language of the colony, Miller "made an attempt" before they cast him out. Her "amens" and "glories" were loudest of all. Then Pastor Johnson, calling the whites about him again spoke of the black sheep.

"There's one that aint' with us to be buried with the Lord to-day," he said. "You-all know why. You-all know the awful reason. Bear with us, white brothers. We're only a poor blind people, like you-all were once, just a-gropin' and a-feelin' toward the light. You're a helpin' us. You started us up. We're comin' and we won't stop, please God!

"When one of us does a wild thing, you States. Come down and hear me. The whites packed in close. Then Lewis

light. You're a heipin' us. You started us up. We're comin' and we won't stop, please God!

"When one of us does a wild thing, you lay it to us all. You think it's in the nature of our people. Some of your people do awful things yourselves. You do 'em to each other, do 'em to us. We don't say it's because they're white. We say 'it's a poor soul that ain't got God in him, but Satan.'

a poor soul that ain't got God in him, but Satan.

"I'm glad the law—real, sure-enough law—has got the poor backslider that won't go down to meet the Lord to-day. I was in oourt, and I blessed the Sheriff that caught him. Idon't hate him, the Lord don't hate him, but I hate his sin.

"We ain't with him to-day. When we see a man like him among us, we wrestle with him, and if grace don't come, we cast him out. When we see a reprobate black woman, if she don't repent we cast her out. Help us, white brothers We've got no friends but you. We want you when you meet our best boys and girls to teach 'em to respect your women and our women. We want you to respect our young girls. Teach 'em the right way. And you black folks with souls that's a-goin' to be washed white"—Here Pastor Johnson turned to the robed converts, who answered him with a chorus of hallelujahs—"Remember that poor, sin-sick soul that went out from us in his sin. Remember him and the gallows, you young men. Help them, white brothers and sisters, help them on the way!"

Pastor Johnson waded into the pool

way!"
Pastor Johnson waded into the pool singing the old jubiles chant: Well, we all goin' to set at the Judgment Seat, A-a-men! Well, we all goin' to set at the Master's feet, Amen!

"Remember the sinner that was among you before you go down to the Lord!" he cried as the converts waded after him to be

Pastor Lewis looked at the new sheep of his flock as they stood on the bank, slapping the water from their robes and singing, "Hallelujah 'tis done."

"Maybe I done pretty well to lose only one lamb," he said.

Vestibuled Cars in The Bronx. The Urin Railway Company turned out its winter cars yesterday with vestibules which have been built on in the summer.

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Full Time in Anthracite Coal Mines WILKESBARRE, Pa., Oct. 9.—Beginning o-morrow the anthracite coal operators expect steady work during the winter months. The coal yards are now demand-ing more coal and the depression of the trade during the summer is over. For the last three months the mines have been working but little better than half time.

AMUSEMENTS.

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